

there's something between us (it's not love) by ghostyface

Category: Dead by Daylight (Video Game), Scream (Movies), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Angst, Blood and Gore, Canon-Typical Violence, Dissociation, Dubious Consent, Graphic Description, M/M, Manipulation, Masochism, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Other characters make appearances - Freeform, Period-Typical Homophobia, Porn With Plot, Public Sex, Rough Sex, Season 3 compliant, Stalking, Temporary Character Death, Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms, Unhealthy Relationships, because have you seen Steve Harrington, for maximum whump, meaning billy is dead, no beta we die like men

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Summary:

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Want me to make you a list," Ghostface laughs, loud and obnoxious.

"What about you?"

Steve looks down at the blood staining his hands, wonders what emotion he should be feeling, and shrugs. "I don't know."

The killer shifts forward, palms cradling Steve's face softly, gently.

Like a lover would.

"Wanna find out?"

there's something between us (it's not love)

Author's Note:

should i be starting a new fic when i already have another one going? no. will i tho? ya.

because i have ghostface/steve brainworms and in this fandom u rlly gotta make ur own food (ノ^ノ〇〇)

p.s. ghostface here is the original from Scream combined with his dbd lore cause i love that lil psycho billy loomis, so appearance wise and stuff thats what im going for but as always u are free to imagine what u want (´▽`)b

Sometimes, most of the time, Steve wishes he could die.

Not that he'll ever admit it aloud— he doesn't want to worry Nancy more than he already does— but it's a constant that never leaves his mind.

How can it, when this hell forsaken place loves to remind them that not even death can save them.

The sweet relief of spider-like limbs piercing through his body, ripping into his soul and bleeding him dry until there's nothing left. The numbing feeling of nonexistence, if even for a brief moment, such blissful respite, a saccharine calm no drug could ever give him.

Only to have that stolen away as shredded flesh and organs are forcefully knit back together, a barbed needle stitching skin into a semblance of what once was, shoving torn pieces that no longer fit into a body stretched too thin.

It's not dying that Steve is afraid of, not anymore.

It's resurrection.

Maybe it's why he hardly ever escapes the trials. It's easy to take a machete to the back if his own life means nothing, if it means at least his teammates can survive.

Then again, he wouldn't have to suffer the torture of revival if he just escaped like everyone else.

But maybe it's what he deserves.

Maybe Steve deserves to be punished for all his failures.

He's failed so, so many times.

If he was better, faster, smarter, perhaps countless deaths could've been prevented. He wouldn't have had to stand there, useless, as fireworks exploded in the sky and innocent people were consumed by the Mindflayer.

Robin wouldn't have been there beside him, injured, covered in blood, suddenly thrust into a world far too ruthless and bloodthirsty.

Maybe, a boy who just wanted to be forgiven, who just... wanted to be good. Maybe he would still have a chance at that. Didn't he deserve that much?

It's not fair.

It shouldn't have been him, it shouldn't have been him
itshouldn'thavebeenhimitshouldn'thavebeen—

"Steve."

The brunette snaps out of his thoughts and blinks back into reality.

He's at the campfire. Sitting on the forest floor. Cheryl is kneeling in front of him, a tentative hand on his shoulder.

"You were spacing out a bit there," she says, the concern in her voice telling him that it'd been more than just a few minutes. "You okay?"

Steve plasters on a smile for her, hollow and empty that it is.

"Yeah of course, just got lost in thought. Not much else to do here," he shrugs, tone light and disarming. Steve glances about, notices there aren't many other survivors around. "Is Nancy here?"

Cheryl purses her lips, something flashing in her eyes before shaking her head. "No, she and some others got called into trials awhile ago," she speaks slow, picking her words carefully. "She said goodbye before she left, though. Did you... not notice?"

Oh.

That's why Cheryl is so hesitant.

He'd had another 'episode', as he'd come to refer to them. Periods of time when Steve just checked out, like a switch had been turned off, and his eyes glazed over and stared into nothing. They seemed to be happening more frequently as of late, to the point that even the survivors he barely talked to were beginning to notice.

At least this wasn't like the last time, when he shut down during a trial.

That was... bad.

One second he had been working on a generator in one of the second floor classrooms at Midwich Elementary, and the next he was being shaken awake by Nancy, practically throttling him, furiously whispering that their other two teammates were already dead.

Steve had taken one look at her, exhausted and bleeding from where she had narrowly escaped her last hook, and just, felt so fucking *ashamed*. The other three had been counting on him to do his share of the work, and here he was, sitting out the entire trial while they'd been slaughtered. He tasted bile in the back of his throat, felt his body start to shake because he'd gotten his fellow survivors killed and now he couldn't even remember their fucking *names*.

He remembered dark hair at the start, maybe it was Jane? Or Claudette? God he hoped it wasn't the botanist, she was always so nice to him, even when he was a useless fuck up, like now, and—

"Hey, it's gonna be okay," Nancy said with a strained smile on her too

pale face. Even then, she tried to comfort him. "Listen, I found a key in the basement. All we need to do is find the hatch, and we can get out of here."

She had said it with so much confidence, no doubt trying to reassure him, when if anyone he should've been reassuring *her*, when they both knew that finding the hatch in this dark, convoluted maze was nearly impossible.

He just bit his tongue and nodded.

Steve realized he hadn't even figured out who the killer was until they'd turned a corner and saw the Pyramid Head staring at them, giant blade in tow. He didn't hesitate, just took off down the hall straight toward the monstrous being, yelling over his shoulder for Nancy to run.

She escaped in the end. That was good. Steve didn't *want* to escape.

He wanted to serve penance for his sins, wanted to be punished for being so fucking stupid, useless, *worthless*, for killing his teammates. And who better to sentence him than the Executioner himself?

That's funny, Steve had thought, body wrapped in barbed wire, watching the blood pool beneath his feet as his guts splattered onto the floor. He hadn't realized there was anything still left inside this hollowed out shell of his. He wondered briefly, before he choked out his last breath, if there was still a heart in there somewhere.

"Steve."

"Of course I noticed," Steve rushed out with a forced laugh, willing himself to stay in the present. "I was just checking if she was back yet. Guess not. I'm gonna go take a walk, see if I can find any supplies."

Cheryl calls out behind him but he keeps his eyes trained forward, all but running until he passes the treeline, deeper and deeper into the woods until the campfire is but a tiny orange smudge in the fog.

"Fuck." Steve leans against a tree, trying to catch the breath that fails to fill his lungs. Whether from sprinting at full speed or the panic

attack he's trying to hold back, doesn't matter, he just needs to stay awake.

He's never had two episodes back to back, especially not so close together.

"Fuck fuck fuck."

His vision begins to tunnel, darkening around the edges, and even his own breathing is beginning to sound muted, like he's been plunged underwater.

Steve slams his fist against the rough tree bark in front of him, gasping at the pain that races up his arm, relishing in the way it shoots something like adrenaline in him and pulls him back. He punches again, and again, every stinging cut and crushing bruise like a tether grounding him, keeping him from shutting down.

When he stops, his hand is a bloody, splintered, burning mess, and his vision is clear, his mind aware.

Steve drops down onto the damp forest floor, back against the tree, injured hand bleeding beside him. He tilts his head back and stares at the perpetually dark, grey sky, as if looking to the giant eldritch horror lurking up there for guidance.

"What am I supposed to tell Nancy," he wonders aloud. Lying has never been something he's good at, so he'll have to think of an excuse before he heads back. Or maybe he'll just avoid the topic until she gives up on it, like she gave up on him and their relationship.

At the end of it all, he just doesn't want to worry her. Steve has burdened her enough, she had her own happy life before the fog, separate from him, with a better man. That's why Nancy can't know the truth—

He's getting worse.

Steve isn't afraid of dying, but that doesn't mean he's not afraid of some of the Entity's killers.

Some are honestly just straight up annoying. Steve never fails to feel anger simmering just beneath his skin whenever he sees that ugly chainsaw bastard. Both are irritating, but it's that cannibal Bubba specifically that *really* pisses him off. The damn shithead loved to stand right in front his hooked victims and watch them die, making any odds of rescue hopeless.

The inhuman killers are terrifying simply by existing, but ironically enough it's the Demogorgon that scares him the most. He should be used to it by now— the same way Laurie fearlessly plunges anything sharp and pointy into Michael's back given the chance— but it's exactly that familiarity that makes it worse.

Seeing that monster puts him right back in Hawkins, surrounded in the junkyard, suffocating in the tunnels, bleeding in the Starcourt Mall and watching the disgusting hodgepodge of flesh and teeth rear back it's tentacles and *lunge*—

So yeah, he's not completely without fear.

And of course, the most unnerving and spine chilling of them all—the silent killers. It made the trials that much worse, having to constantly look around, scan every nook and cranny, peek around corners, all so that they don't blink and find a knife ripping them open.

Which is exactly how Steve ends up bleeding all over Ghostface's shoulder, kicking and wriggling in vain to escape his grasp.

"I don't know why you're bothering," the shroud teases in that artificial voice of his. "You were just sitting there waiting for me, and I'm never one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Especially not when my present is wrapped up so pretty."

"Shut up," Steve growls, cheeks tinted pink. "I didn't *choose* to wear this, dickhead."

And really, he didn't.

Sometimes the Entity gave them new clothing, like it had rooted around their memories and pulled something out. Other times, the survivors found themselves in a trial, clothes suddenly completely different.

Like now, when Steve had been plucked from the campfire and sent to Haddonfield in his *fucking Scoops Ahoy uniform*.

"Mmm, so feisty. I must've been a real good boy for mama to give me you."

And Steve has no idea what the Ghostface is talking about because they've been placed in trials together before. The asshole probably still has the pictures to prove it too.

But Steve doesn't care, because a hook is only a few meters away and he can feel the killer's hold start to slip, he's almost out, just a little more, he's—

"My my, and what a juicy little peach you have!" And Ghostface honest to god slides his hand up Steve's thigh and *grabs his ass*.

Steve has never been so deathly still in his life. All his limbs and joints lock up and freeze because *Ghostface is touching his ass*.

"Oh? Did you like that? Baby boy gonna behave now?"

The laugh that comes from the shroud has his cheeks burning.

Steve raises a leg to kick the bastard in the stomach when his vision spins and the sharp point of a hook pierces through his shoulder.

He screams in pain, frustration and shame bubbling red hot just underneath because he had been *so damn close*, he would've gotten out if that freak hadn't groped him.

What the fuck even was that?

Said freak is staring at him, head tilted to the side, tapping the tip of his knife to his mask as if deep in thought. The ribbons of his shroud sway forward slowly, almost like they're reaching for him. Steve panics, disturbed, and reaches for the hook to pry himself off, only to bite back another scream as rusted metal just further rips into the muscle, a fresh spray of red bursting forth and splashing against that ghostly white mask.

The killer sighs, dreamily, exaggerated.

Mocking.

"You know just what I like, don't you sailor boy? But alas, I must carry on and viciously murder your friends." Ghostface shakes his head and shrugs, conveying the feeling of *well, what can you do?* "Feel free to rupture an artery or something. Watching you bleed out really gets me going."

The ghost waves before turning and disappearing into the shadows.

He's pretty sure he's never hated anyone more than in that moment.

Claws like spider legs start to form in front of Steve, and when they finally descend upon him, he almost doesn't resist.

Steve grabs on at the last second, pushing back as much as he can, but his wounds are *screaming*, gushing, and the blood on his hands has his grip slipping already.

Tears prickle at the corner of his eyes, threatening to fall. He's so fucking pissed at himself, not only for being caught so easily, but for spectacularly ruining what should've been his escape.

Why is he so fucking useless?

He wants to let go, he wants it so bad, but he can't. The others are struggling. One is already dead, the other two are injured, and between the four of them, they'd only managed to complete a single generator.

The numerous walls and dark corners of Haddonfield gave the Ghostface too much of an advantage. It felt like no matter where they

ran or hid, that screaming mask would always be right behind them, empty black eyes taunting them.

And Steve, the useless piece of shit that he is, had pretty much served himself up on a silver platter.

He found a dull totem in a house and wanted to get rid of it to prevent any potential hexes. They were barely scraping by as it was, so he wanted to play it safe, give everyone as much of a chance as possible to survive.

And then, Steve just disappeared. Blacked out.

He had an episode in the middle of a trial, *again*.

He doesn't know when Ghostface found him, or how long he had been there. The thought that the killer could've sat right in front of him, face-to-face, bodies too close, lungs sharing each other's air. Staring.

The killer loved to observe. Stalk.

It has his stomach twisting in knots.

Worst of all, Steve probably would've spent the rest of the trial sitting there barely conscious if the ghost hadn't sliced his blade clean through his side.

And now Steve has the audacity to want to give in and die.

How selfish can he be.

The razor sharp point of the Entity's talon pierces into his chest, and Steve cries out, choking on the taste of iron flooding his mouth. Trembling arms shove the appendage away, only for it to stab into him again.

He could still serve as a distraction, take a hit for one of them, he could still help. But his fingers are slipping, his strength is gone.

"I'm.. sorry," Steve grits out between bloody teeth.

A split second before he lets go, hands grip his body and yank him from the hook. He falls to the ground, excruciating white hot pain rattling his bones, the impact knocking the wind out of him, but alive nonetheless.

"Shit, you look like hell."

It takes everything in him to turn over onto his back, vision spinning with too many colors, but he finds a bruised Nea standing over him, trying to catch her breath.

"Sorry bout that," she huffs. "Almost didn't make it in time."

Steve is pretty sure he fractured a rib.

"It's fine," he says instead. "How are we doing?"

Nea raises a brow, fixing him with an incredulous look.

Right, he thinks with a wince, stupid question.

"Bad." She reaches a hand out to pull him onto unsteady feet, catching his shoulder when he stumbles. "We managed to get another gen done. I left Dwight working on the third, he should be just about done, but we gotta hurry cause he's—"

A tinny *ding* sounds off in the distance right before a bloodcurdling shriek sends crows flying into the night sky.

"... death hook."

Silence falls upon them like a heavy shroud, chaining them to the spot. Not even the red dripping down Steve's fingers makes a sound. They just wait, until spider-like limbs impale flesh and bone and spirits away what's left of Dwight into swirling dark clouds. The resounding wave of oblivion ripples across Haddonfield, until finally their teammate has been consumed.

Nea doesn't have to say a word, Steve can tell from the set of her shoulders and the tightening of her fists that it's his fault. He's wasted too much time.

A hollow feeling eats away at him from the inside, spreading until even his fingertips tremble. Steve takes an unsteady step forward, chest tight and vision swimming, feeling like the ground is beginning to crumble beneath him.

He killed one of their own. *Again.*

Worthless as he is, the one thing he'd been able to do was divert the killer's attention and act as a human shield. He was supposed to die. Not them.

But now...

"Hey, uh," Steve hesitates. What could he possibly say? Nothing could make this right.

"Listen," she cuts him off. Something small and shiny is fished from her pockets, and she holds it up to the light. A key. "I brought this. Kinda thought there'd be more getting out, but."

Steve looks away, nods.

"We'll split up. You search the right side of the street, I'll do the left. We have to find hatch before he does, got it?"

He nods again, though it rattles his brain and disorients him, he didn't trust his voice not to crack.

Right as she turns to leave, back facing him, she calls out to him, "Steve."

Hazy brown eyes look up to find piercing blue.

"Don't get caught."

Nea is the one who finds it.

Which is great because Steve couldn't find jackshit and he was starting to panic and doubt himself, whether he maybe walked right by it and didn't even notice. He's retracing his steps in one of the middle houses when he spots her across the way, huddled beside a white porch.

She waves him over frantically, distressed even, which seems strange coming from her, but as Steve creeps closer, he sees why.

There's a long, nasty gash running from her right shoulder down to her forearm, from which red pours out like a fountain and stains the key in her hand.

The Ghostface had found her.

"It's in the corner. He knows. We— "

She cuts off with a hiss, clutching her bleeding arm. The wound looks deep enough that she may very well be literally holding herself together.

"That looks real bad... " He curses himself for not bringing a med-kit, but he might be able to tear enough strips of his apron to at least keep her arm in one piece. "I have an idea."

"No shut up. Follow me, quickly."

Nea pushes herself from where she'd been leaning against the house and takes off toward the back.

Doubt makes him hesitate, as if what little strength he had left just plummeted, but he pitches forward nonetheless.

Feet slap against what feels like air, and Steve thinks he's moving fast, but the way time seems to slow around him makes it hard to tell. Static fills his ears, creeps along the edge of his vision, makes it feel like his head is stuffed with cotton.

It feels like a dream, and he's here, but not really.

Fuck, he's lost too much blood.

The only sign that tells him he's stumbling in the right direction is the bright purple blur of Nea's hair some meters in front of him.

The blot of purple stops and points, and he sees it— the hatch, nestled in the very corner of this realm.

"Hurry up!" Nea yells more than whispers.

Steve breaks into an approximation of a sprint, pumping his legs as fast they'll go. Cold air burns in his bruised lungs as the world begins to tilt, but he's nearly there.

They're actually gonna make it.

And then something crashes into his legs, sweeping him off his feet and sending him tumbling to the ground *hard*.

The impact *slams* all the oxygen out of him in a strangled choke and *snaps* cracked ribs. His whole body seizes and locks up, he can't move, he can't, he...

He can't breathe.

"Surprise!"

Ghostface materializes from the shadows of the hedges, bloodstained hunting knife raised, lunging toward a gaping Nea.

She turns on her heel and falls to her hands and knees to jam the key in and pry open the hatch, but the ghost is faster.

He plunges razor sharp steel into her back and drags it down in a diagonal to split open skin and muscle from shoulder to hip.

Nea *screams*, an unholy sound that's ripped from her throat like the blade from her flesh. Curses are spat from her tongue in her mother language, pale eyes promising death.

"Aw, don't be like that," the killer chuckles, voice dripping sweetness, wiping his knife clean. "Don't you know?"

Ghostface *smashes* a steel-toed boot into her side with a sickening *crunch*, pulverizing her insides, and pulls back to do it again, and again, and again, and snarls—

"Keys are cheating you fucking slut."

She doesn't respond.

Fuck, he has to do something.

Fingers like claws dig into damp earth, pulling forward a tattered body that's *screaming* to stop, broken ribs dragging painfully against the ground as Steve crawls toward the two.

"Hey, dickface," he calls out.

The shroud looks at him, all previous anger gone, and tilts his head in acknowledgement.

Steve has to pause to hack out a wet, bloody cough, but he grins all pretty with teeth stained red when he clamps a hand around the killer's ankle.

"Didn't... anybody ever tell you... not... to hit a girl?"

His taunting sounds pathetic coming out between harsh wheezes, but if he can get himself hooked, Nea might have enough time to wriggle her way out of the ghost's hold before he can reach another.

She may not have the strength, but it's the only chance they have.

The Ghostface hums, tapping a finger to his mask as if deep in thought.

"Dunno. Guess it didn't stick," he shrugs, painting a picture of innocence before slamming his other boot into Steve and kicking him away. "Kinda like you."

Black leather fists into Nea's brightly colored hair and *yanks* her

upward, dragging her through the dirt to a hook conveniently placed in the yard beside them.

She's conscious, blue eyes open and meeting Steve's distressed gaze.

She can't even manage a single cry of pain.

"Considering you're dead anyway," Ghostface grabs her by the shoulders and lifts her up, "I don't think mommy dearest will mind if I have a little fun, hm?"

The point of the hook pierces through the base of her skull to curve up and burst through her mouth in a spray of blood, trapping her face in a horrific imitation of a scream.

Her body twitches.

Steve would vomit if he could.

Limbs like sharpened branches impale Nea's body and lift her into a swirling of eldritch claws in the sky.

The hatch springs open next to him and all the fight drains from his body.

Steve just stares at the black smoke that pours out.

Footsteps sound behind him, purposely audible, and the Ghostface crouches in front of him.

"What're you still doing here?" Leather gloves cup Steve's face, tilting it up, gently brushing away dirt and blood in a facsimile of kindness. "You had plenty of time to crawl in."

Steve looks into the black holes of the mask's eyes and wonders if he looks close enough, what would he find beneath?

A man?

A monster?

"Doesn't matter," he coughs. "Wasn't... supposed to be me."

The ghost cocks his head to the side. "That right? Is that why your escape rate is so shit? You like being a martyr or what?"

Steve sighs and let's his eyes flutter shut.

He's so fucking exhausted.

"What do you care? Just... kill me already."

There's no immediate response, no blade at his throat, just the soft caress of leather tracing his lips.

He can't help but lean into the killer's hold a bit. Maybe it's this god forsaken place, maybe it's the physical touch he misses, but it just feels... nice.

"I've never killed someone who wanted it before," the ghost muses. Fingers as light as feathers tuck a stray lock of chestnut hair behind his ear. "On one condition though."

Confused brown eyes blink open. Since when does a killer need incentive to kill?

"What.. do you want?"

Ghostface chuckles, distorted and strange, and rests Steve's head back on the grass.

"Simple."

The creature of shadows rises to its full height, ribbons fanning out in a nonexistent breeze, almost wing-like in the way they curve towards the shroud's body. False moonlight casts an eerie glow upon the bloodstained mask.

An angel of death.

He kicks the hatch closed, and the world begins to collapse around them.

"I wanna play a game."

Steve groans, carefully turning himself onto his back to relieve pressure from his cracked ribs. He gazes up at the mask peering at him, upside down and fuzzy at the edges.

"Get down here... bastard," another cough rattles his bones, " 'm dizzy... what game?"

The Ghostface nearly purrs, settling himself down to sit astride Steve's hips.

And maybe Steve wouldn't even care—he'd been in a similar position from the killer's past moris— except this time, Ghostface is *hard*.

"Here's how it works, I do something for you, and you do something for me," he explains, toying with the red ties of Steve's uniform. "Come on, don't you wanna play with me?"

Cold shoots through his veins like ice.

"No." He tries to push the other away, tries to buck him off, but it's too easy for the shroud to pin his wrists down with one hand. "Get off!"

Ghostface sighs and grinds his hips down. "Keep moving like that and I will."

Steve freezes in an instant.

The ground seems to rumble and split in time with the killer's laugh.

"There's not enough time to do anything, relax." He rucks up Steve's top, exposing the bruised lumpy mess of his pale chest. "Pretty."

For all his vanity, Steve knows for a fact that he is anything but pretty right now.

The ghost clearly has a different opinion, if the slow way he almost reverently maps out every dip, curve, and bleeding orifice of his body is anything to go by.

Freak.

Said freak rests his hand on the jut of Steve's hip and asks, "Why don't you wanna play with me?"

If the ground split beneath him and swallowed him whole, Steve would probably be grateful. Instead, he just tries to flatten himself against the dirt as much as possible.

"Don't want... your sick game," he mumbles.

"But it's *eeeasy*. It'll be fun. We can even have a warm-up round." Ghostface moves his hand up to cup Steve's face again, and leans down so they're eye-to-eye. "You tell me your name and I'll tell you mine."

There's no way he doesn't know Steve's name after all this time, right? He's pretty sure his uniform had a name tag as well until it fell off somewhere.

Still, the question is harmless enough.

So he licks his lips and says, "Steve. Yours?"

"Billy."

His heart stops.

"What... did you say?"

He can't—

He can't know. How does he know? There's no way. Did someone tell him? No he can't. How did he? But who would tell? Nancy wouldn't, right? She doesn't even know. So how could he?

Steve searches empty black eyes for answers he can't see.

It's not possible, it's not, it's not possible, it's—

"Just kidding!" The shroud cuts through his panicked spiral all at once. "Name's Jed Olsen, investigative journalist specializing in criminal activity, specifically one nasty serial killer that likes to stalk his victims. You can call me Danny, though."

"Danny... ?"

Was it a coincidence? The ghost had just called himself by three different names without hesitation. Maybe none of them were even his real name.

It's strange to think that the Entity's killers could have actual names, though. It humanizes them in a way they don't deserve.

They're anything but human.

"Nice to meet you," Ghostface nods and offers no explanation.

The death knell tolls its song of destruction, and cracks like molten lava spread web-like around them. Red light bathes them in warm hues— a gentle reminder that the end is nigh.

"Next question." Danny grinds down so *hard* and so sudden, Steve can't help the gasp that escapes him. "You ever been with a guy before?"

"Wha— "

Ghostface doesn't stop this time. He rolls his hips slow at first, then gradually quickens his pace, building up a fast rhythm that bears down *just right*...

Steve tries to squirm away again, but all it does is press his own growing erection against the killer's, and he'd be lying if he said it didn't feel good. He feels almost delirious— head foggy and floating way too high to think about anything but delicious, hot friction. He misses this kind of intimate touch, badly.

He wonders how much of it he can blame on being half dead.

"You said... no time," he groans.

"On top of the clothes really doesn't count," Ghostface laughs.

This close, Steve can feel the vibrations coming from the shroud's voice modulator, and it drives a shiver down his spine.

"Also, you evaded the question, so I take it that's a yes?"

"... piss off."

For some reason, he's not panicking that a serial killer of all people knows. He hasn't told anyone, not even Nancy.

Maybe, it's easier to be honest with strangers. There's no fear that they'll suddenly look at you completely different.

That and the fact that Danny is the one who started humping him.

"Stevie, babe, you've got to loosen up," he says in the absolute most condescending voice. "You're not a virgin, are you?"

God he wishes the bastard would just kill him already.

It's almost a knee jerk reaction to revert to petty high school culture and assert that he is *not* a virgin, far from it, but there are literal holes in his sternum that keep him from caring that much.

"Can you not... be a dick?"

The ghost tilts his head side-to-side and hums, pausing to seriously consider it. "Dunno, it's kinda my thing. I can't help it, you look so cute in your little outfit I just wanna devour you."

Steve looks away, cheeks burning and a scowl on his face.

Or rather, he tries to, but a particularly long and hard grind feels so damn *good* that he can't help but whine.

"Come on sailor boy, let yourself have some fun." Ghostface shifts, burying his head against Steve's neck with a sigh. "I know you want it. I'll make it good for you. I'll give you the best death you've ever had."

The earth rumbles and cracks viciously now. They're almost out of time.

What would a good death be, when death itself is already so freeing? It'll hurt no matter how he dies.

But...

It doesn't really matter, in the end, does it?

Because he'll be put back together and start this endless cycle all over again.

Nothing matters in this place.

Steve wraps his arms around the killer (when had he let go of his wrists?) and nods.

"Okay."

He can almost hear the shroud's grin.

"Atta boy."

Steve rolls his hips up to meet Danny's, seeking every bit of friction he can get. Ghostface is all too eager to please, meeting Steve's every move to grind their hard, straining cocks against each other.

The killer slides a hand up Steve's bloodied chest, pinching a rosy nipple *hard*, sending him into a back-arching mix of pleasure and pain. He gasps and his ribs *ache* and yet the agony of it just makes him that much harder.

"You like that?" Danny laughs. "Should've figured you'd be into pain. Every time I see this pretty face, you're just begging for it aren't you."

"Shut up," Steve groans, brown eyes glaring into empty black sockets.

The Ghostface hums, staring, and cocks his head to the side.

"Okay."

A gloved hand claps over his eyes before Steve can even process what's happening, effectively blocking out his vision. He squirms underneath but the killer's grip remains firm.

There's some rustling directly above him and something brushes against his hand.

"What are y— "

Ghostface silences him with a kiss, biting down on Steve's lip, making him gasp to force his tongue inside. It's all teeth and violent lust, like Danny wants to explore every inch of him and devour him whole.

It's ferocious and overwhelming and Steve can't help but melt into it.

He's always loved kissing during sex, it feels more intimate somehow and fills him with want.

And blinded as he is, he can almost pretend he's with someone else.

Steve slides his hand up to grasp the other's hair (too short, too straight) and hold him tight. The kiss is filthy and wet and Steve *whines* with a desperate need, that familiar white hot feeling building higher and higher and he knows he's not going to last much longer.

God it's been too long.

"Fuck," he gasps, turning away slightly to catch his breath. "I'm... I'm gonna... "

Lips press against his again, this time softer, almost sweet, and Steve can't help the tears that prickle at the corner of his eyes.

It feels so familiar.

"Please," he whispers like a prayer.

So lost he is in that comforting warmth that the violent quaking of the realm's destruction doesn't even register. He can only feel his heart beating wildly as his body shakes and draws tight, approaching its peak.

There's a name on his lips as searing hot pleasure explodes within and everything ceases to exist but this delicious, mindnumbing euphoria, like a wave has crashed into him and filled him to the brim with carnal ecstasy.

It's intoxicating.

It feels *so fucking good*.

So good that Steve hardly even feels the knife that slashes across his throat.

When he opens his eyes, he sees trees stretching high into a dark sky.

"Steve... ?"

Something crackles to his left, something warm and bright.

"Steve."

With bones like lead, he turns his head and finds a campfire. Dazedly, he wonders where he is.

"Steve, look at me. Can you hear me?"

His eyes roll slow and heavy in his skull. There's a girl with distress shining in her pretty blue eyes.

"Nancy... ?"

"Oh thank god," she breathes, shoulders slumping forward as anxiety bleeds out of her. "You weren't waking up when you got back, and given what happened to Nea, I was just worried that... "

She bites her lip and shakes her thoughts away.

"Nevermind. I'm glad you're alright."

Like a fog slowly lifting, bits and pieces start to come back to him.

The trial.

Haddonfield.

Ghostface.

"Is Nea okay?"

Nancy hesitates before nodding. "She got here before you did, all healed up of course, but it was like she was in shock."

Images of mangled limbs and a head impaled on a hook flash through his mind.

Did she feel it pierce through her skull?

"Whatever happened clearly disturbed her. We all get shaken up sometimes, but." Nancy pauses and looks away, perhaps recalling earlier events. "She won't talk to anyone about it. Meg is with her right now to try to help her through it."

Does she remember the sadistic glee with which the Ghostface had broken her body and humiliated her even in death?

Nancy places a hand on his shoulder. "Can you tell us what he did? If we knew we could help her more."

Steve moves to sit up, slowly, limbs all sluggish like he's moving through tar, and Nancy helps steady him. He looks at her and the small hopeful expression painted on her lips.

He runs his tongue along his own, dry and chapped, and recalls when he used to kiss her and feel like everything was right in the world.

Before she broke his heart and left him for another.

Before everything went to hell.

Before he kissed one of the most bloodthirsty of their tormenters and felt more alive than he has in a long, long time.

"I don't remember," he lies, gaze fixed on the fire instead of her. "He knocked me down and I must've hit my head. Everything gets fuzzy from there. I'm sorry."

Why is he covering for the killer? What does it matter?

"Oh, that's okay, I understand," Nancy says even as he watches her visibly deflate. "We'll just have to be more careful next time we're put in a trial with Ghostface."

"Right," Steve nods.

With some effort and a few protests from Nancy, he gets to his feet, swaying only a little.

Steve ignores her concern and lurches toward the forest. "I'm gonna take a walk, try to clear my head. Maybe I'll remember something."

She grabs his wrist before he can take more than two steps and gently stops him. "Hold on, is that really a good idea right now? You're still a little out of it."

"Nance, I'm fine. Really." He brushes her off with one of his old plastic smiles from high school. "I'm not the one who you should be worried about right now. Nea has it far worse than me."

Nancy sets her mouth into that thin line she gets when she's about to dig her heels in and get real stubborn, but she relents with a shake of her head.

"I suppose you're right," she sighs. "I'll go see how Nea is doing. Don't go too far though."

"I won't, don't worry," Steve waves her off and walks away deeper into the gloomy woods.

He feels her eyes on him until at last he's out of sight.

When he's safe from view he slides back down to the ground and sits with his back propped up against a tree. He's starting to wonder if it's ironic or whatever that so much of his life has now come to reside in forests.

Sadly it's the only place he can be alone now.

He's still feeling slow and unsteady but honestly he just needed to get

away from Nancy and everyone else.

Steve looks down to his hands, the phantom caress of soft hair between his fingers still palpable, the press of warm lips against his like the whisper of a ghost.

It hits him in that moment that the Ghostface had actually taken his mask off. No one's ever seen his face, much like that creep Myers, but the shroud had actually laid himself bare. Just to kiss him.

Not that Steve got so much of a glimpse of the killer's face, but still, it seems kind of... special.

"What the fuck am I thinking," he groans.

The bastard who had murdered him and the others countless times and even took *photos* like the weirdo freak he is could not be capable of being that considerate.

But...

Steve slides a hand around his throat, heat rising to his cheeks, feeling for a wound that doesn't exist.

Ghostface, *Danny*, could've just hacked away like he normally did and brutally kill him, but he chose to make his death feel good.

Really good.

Was he just used as a way for the killer to get off? Even so, that didn't mean he had to let Steve enjoy it too.

He's just going in circles now.

"Literally what is happening," Steve asks no one, dropping his hand down to rest on his thigh.

Something crinkles on contact.

That's strange... he doesn't ever have anything in his pockets.

Steve fishes inside, grabbing what feels like paper, and pulls it out.

It's a picture.

Of him.

Laid out in the cracking dirt of Haddonfield.

Dead.

The ghost must've taken it right after he killed him, and Steve can't help but grimace when he takes a closer look.

He looks like he's been mauled by a wild animal. There's blood *everywhere*, leaving no patch of skin untouched. Ugly purple bruises and cuts mar his entire body, but it's his bare torso that is especially disgusting.

Pink flesh pokes out of the deep gash on his side, like his insides are slowly crawling out. His ribcage is a misshapen mess, swollen in some areas and sunken in others. Broken blood vessels pepper the area, skin every color but what it should be.

And Ghostface had called this *pretty*?

The only unmarked part of him lays just above the thick red slit across his throat. His face is unmarred, save for some blood smeared on his lips, but his expression is what really makes him stare.

He can't even put to words what emotion is there.

Eyes closed softly, brows relaxed, pretty pink mouth parted slightly—the image of pure, untainted bliss. Battered and abused as he is, his face is frozen in utter ecstasy, as if enraptured by the sweetest delight.

Without all the blood and gore, it could be a still from some porn film.

Steve... isn't sure how to feel about that.

In black sharpie is a heart drawn around the photo. Curious, he flips the picture around to find a message scrawled in slanted writing.

There's a fluttering in his chest and he realizes now why he lied for the killer.

I won't tell if you won't ♡

xoxo'

He wants it to happen again.

Author's Note:

history's longest endgame collapse feat. two horny boys

so uHH english isnt my first language so my tenses and pacing is everywhere i know, sorry ;;; feel free to point out mistakes

also if anyone actually reads this dont come at me for unrealistic smut scenes this is a viddy game where ppl cant die (´A`。
hope u enjoy!!